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THE FRENCHMAN IN CANADA

BY

A. G. RACEY

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The Englishman in Canada.

by Arthur George Racey

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by
A. G. RACEY, at the Department of Agriculture.

INTRODUCTION

IN the series of cartoons, "The Englishman in Canada." Mr. Racey has sought to convey a lesson of no small importance. He has tried to impress upon Englishmen the fact that the notions they have as to tne climate and other conditions in Canada are absurdly wrong. It seems incredible, but the fact cannot be doubted that the average Englishman associates going to Canada with life in log shanties, hunting bears, with snow shoes and fur garments as absolutely essential. To tell him that there are in Canada cities, where all the comforts of civilization, all the luxuries of home, are to be had, will be to arouse in him much doubt as to your veracity. To tell him that there is in Canada a population as refined, as educated, as diversified in habits and mode of life as that of London, and that a very small proportion of that population ever wore snow shoes or owned furs, will be to make him question your sanity. It is no great wonder that this is the fact when we find such strange lack of knowledge among those who are and have been the leaders of public opinion in Great Britain. We find that the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone wrote in the Nineteenth Century a few years ago about Canada as :—"Those huge ice-bound deserts of North America." We, in Canada, know that there is in so vast a country as this, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every kind of climate that it is healthy for white men to live in. We know that the North Pole is claimed to be a territory of Canada, so there is ice and snow, but we also know that there are places big enough to make the British Isles once or twice over where fragrant roses can be gathered in the garden at Christmas ; where the balmy breath of the Pacific blows on places as little familiar with snow as England is with open air primroses in January. The parts of the country where the principal population is have warm summers, without being oppressively hot, and bright, clear, dry winters, with snow and ice in sufficient quantity to be useful and to make the season thoroughly enjoyable. During that winter some people prefer the warmth with little weight that furs give, and some the "distinguished" appearance that furs are supposed to impart. For these reasons outside dealers—principally in England—succeed in selling us pretty nearly a million dollars worth of furs every year. The vast majority of people in Montreal, which is an average Canadian winter city, wear felt or silk hats and unlined kid or leather gloves all winter, and just about the same kind of great coat they would wear if in England. The fact that our climate was pictured in England and believed by the people there to be a region of almost perpetual snow has long been a matter upon which Canadians were very sensitive. It was made use of to retard the development of the country, to deter emigrants from going to Canada. We abandoned our winter sports to a large extent for some years, dropped the bright winter carnivals, closed up our toboggan slides, put away our snowshoes, made the picturesque winter blanket suits into rag mats, used the ice for making beverages palatable, instead of making ice palaces. All these things we gave up and allowed them to be monopolized by St. Paul and other cities in the United States, although they had originated with us. We made these sacrifices because we found that descriptions of these winter amusements were being made use of to convey to our over-sea brothers the idea that we were very near to being Esquimaux in our way of living, and that we had an Arctic climate. It appeared to make little difference. Within a few months even the London Times told us that the reason a larger number of Englishmen went to the United States than to Canada was because the Englishman preferred "to live in the temperate zone." Kipling, with the best intention in the world, made a poem about us in which he yielded to the popular prejudice and called Canada " Our Lady of the Snows." The Colonial Secretary, Hon. Mr. Chamberlain, has endeavored more than most other Englishmen who were ever in public life to know and understand something about the colonies. Yet a few weeks ago when a delegation approached him for aid towards taking some Welsh settlers from Patagonia to Canada, he showed what his idea of this country was by saying :—"I would only say that it struck me while you were speaking that the change of climate—from a very hot country to the **terrible rigour of the Canadian Winter**—might be rather a danger to face."

Some years ago one of the cable steamers was off the coast of Guysborough, in Nova Scotia, when it was found the fresh water supply was running short. Before leaving England the people on the steamer had read of some murderous doings of Indians out here in America, and it was deemed hardly safe to land as the woods on the coast looked very promising as a place of ambush. However, the necessity was urgent, and a boat was despatched to the shore with water casks. The crew were all well armed in case of attack, and the coast was approached very cautiously. Part of the crew were left to guard the boat and the rest advanced in open order inland, with guns and pistols ready. Presently they came to a clearing and saw a house and a man in his shirt sleeves pursuing the peaceful occupation of hoeing a potato patch. They accosted him and asked if he knew where they could obtain water. He was a white man and could speak English. He pointed to the well close by. While the casks were being filled the man and his visitors exchanged some thoughts. "I see you've got rifles with you ; you better be careful, for there's a fine on to moose now—and there ain't much moose here either," said the hardy husbandman. "We do not intend hunting moose," replied the leader of the party. "Well, you don't be going to shoot partridges with rifles, and anyhow there's a fine onto partridges, too," remarked the man with the hoe. "Have the Indians caused you much trouble out here in this lonely place?" queried the mariner. "Injuns? There aint no Injuns here—except a couple of tents out back of Guysborough town, where the squaws makes basskits," replied the farmer. The further enquiry as whether it was not a fact that some thousands of them had broken out and gone on the war path, killing a large number of people, made the farmer look at his guests with silent amazement for a minute, and then he called to a lady who had come to the door of the house, " Mother !" When the lady advanced he repeated the question to her and asked her if she had ever heard anything about it. She thought for a while and then said she did think she saw something about it in the Family Herald and Weekly Star some weeks ago. " There," exclaimed the leader of the party, "you see it is better to be on the safe side, so we came armed." " But," said the lady, "the Indians were breaking out of Texas, in the United States, and causing trouble in Mexico. That is a good many thousands of miles from here " They returned to the steamer, and it was only after a long stay on this side that they fully realized the absurdity of their conduct in making their first landing in Canada armed to the teeth for fear of attack from the natives. All sorts of expedients have been resorted to with the object of teaching Englishmen that Canada is a very pleasant country to live in, with some millions of acres of as fine wheat-growing land as there is on earth, and everything essential to make men happy, peaceful and contented. Mr. Racey has, with his pencil, attempted to draw a series of object lessons which shall impress upon English people in England the advisability of learning something about the kind of country the dominion beyond the seas really is and what manner of people live there. The cartoons originally appeared in the Montreal Daily Star, and Mr. Racey republishes them by permission in the present form in response to a very general demand.

PERCY ST. CLAIR HAMILTON.

Montreal, 1901.

Clarence, the Younger Son and Dead Game Sport of the de Brown Jones Family, decides to Go to Canada. His Parents Sorrowfully Give Their Consent.

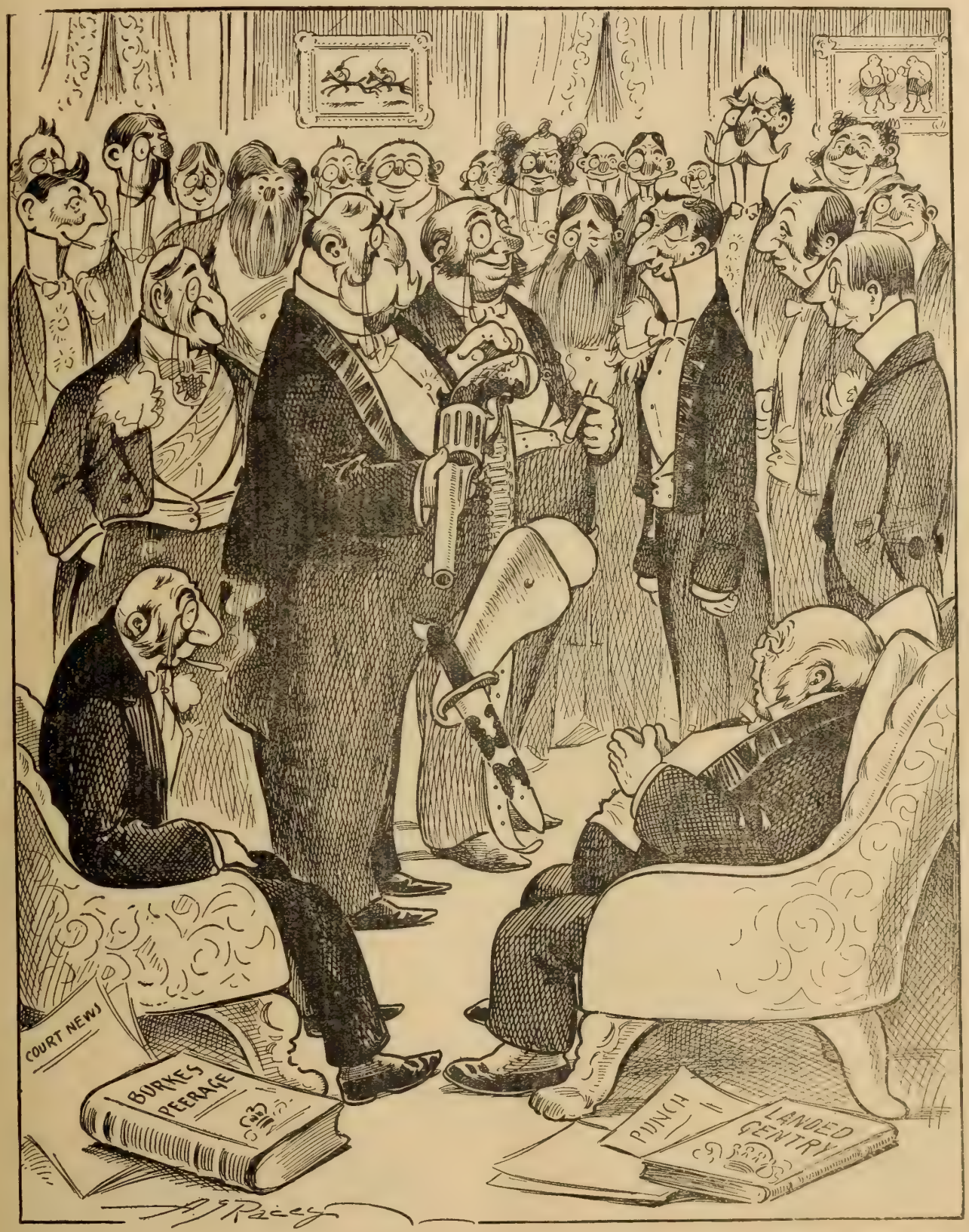
He Straightway Secures a Number of Canadian "Souvenir" and "Guide" Books Compiled by Authors With More Imagination than Patriotism.

He Begins to Purchase His Outfit.

He Continues to Purchase His Outfit.

He Completes His Purchases.

He takes a final ride in the Row before sailing on the morrow and bids farewell to many friends.



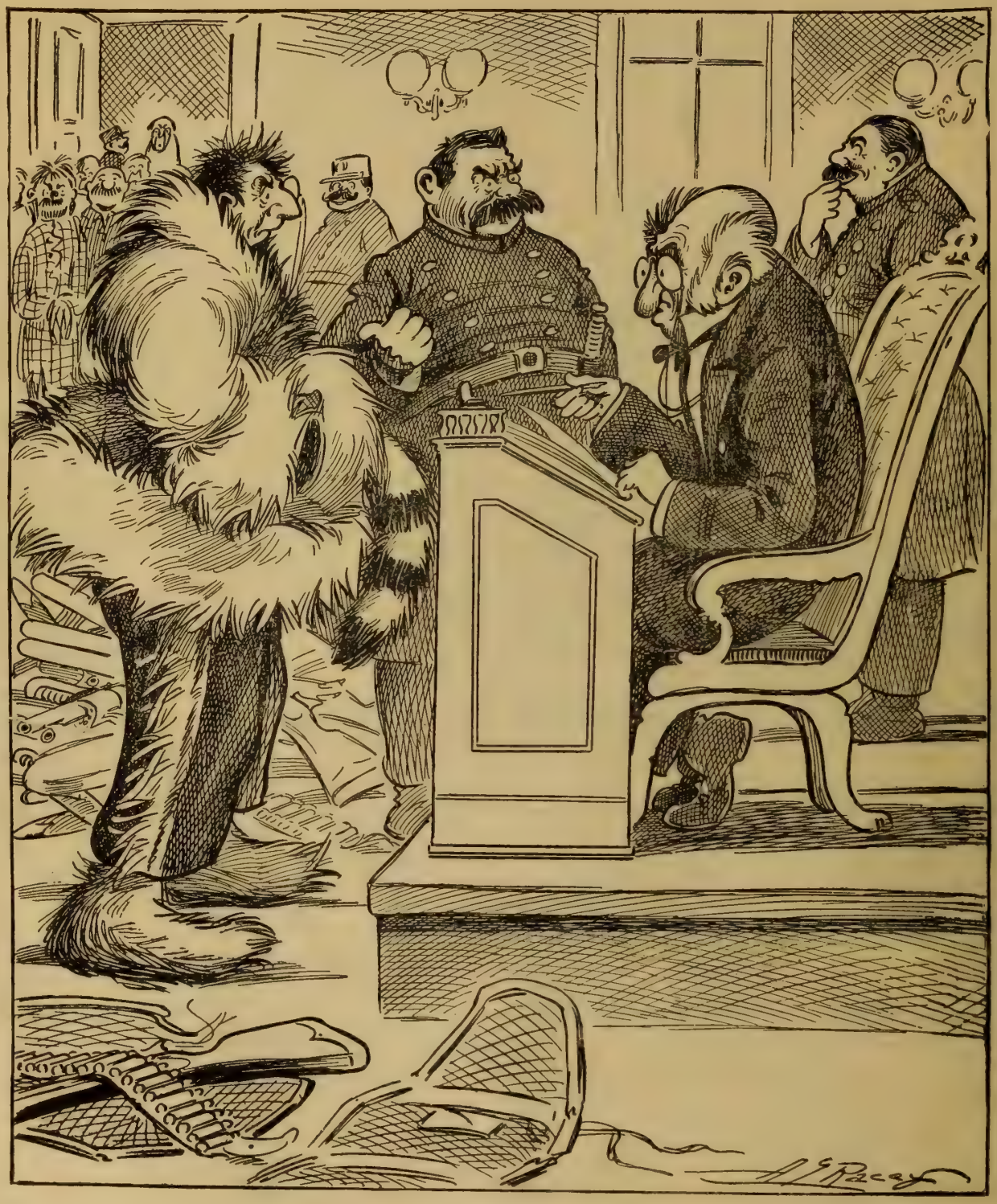
He Bids Farewell to His Club and is presented with a couple of "Vewy Hawndy Awticles, Don't Cher Know" by the Members.

He Goes on Board.

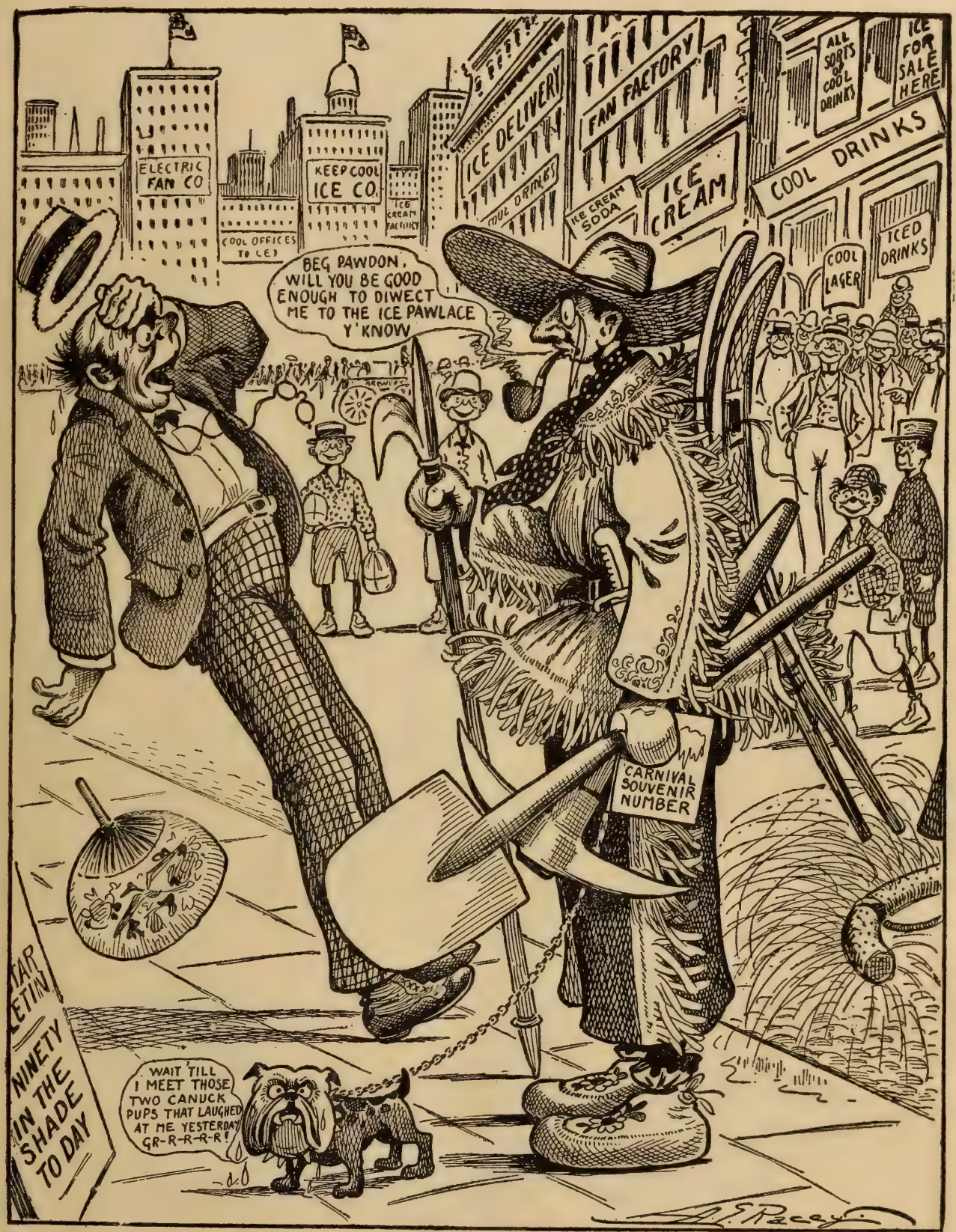
During the Voyage Over He is Takative.

He lands at Montreal.

He begins to find that things are rather different than he was led to expect.



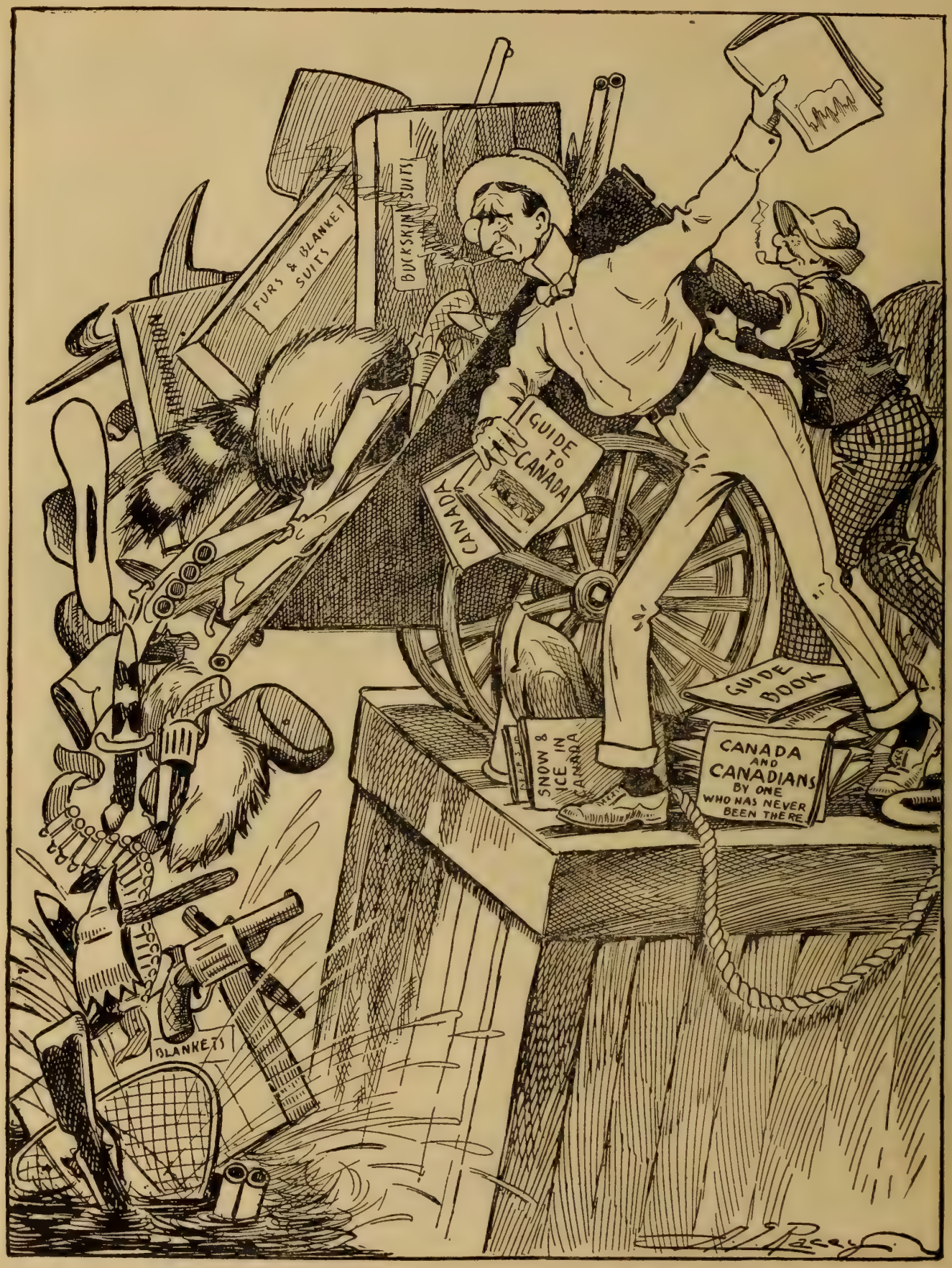
The Policeman—Yer Anner, the prisoner here got off der steamer in dis rig wid all thim guns an things sticking' all over him, and talked bughouse about Injins and Bears, so I pinched him.
The Judge—What is he?
The Policeman—A newly arrived Englishman, Yer Anner.
The Judge—Discharged!—Next!



He is very much surprised to find houses in Montreal and starts out to look for the twenty-foot icicles, snow-drifts, etc., etc., etc., he has heard so much about, and is asked by many if he takes the Country for a Blooming Refrigerator.

He suddenly comes across the only species of Indian and Bear that is well known in Canada to-day.

He is overcome by the heat in Canada.



Disgusted at being a victim to the dense ignorance displayed in the Old Country with regard to Canada he disposes of his arsenal, furs, guide books and other impedimentia.

He is delighted with the beautiful Canadian winter season, which is very different from what he was led to expect at home, and he finds Canadians very much like any other people, only smarter, more practical, independent and prosperous and too busy chasing the almighty $ to pay any attention to the wild fairy tales told about Canada. He finds Canadian girls prettier and nicer than the girls of any other country—one girl especially.

TEN YEARS LATER.

The Prosperous English Canadian—"Yes, my dears; more naughty stories are told about this glorious country of ours than of any other land. Some day, if you are good, I will take you to London and show you some real live bears at the Zoo; then we'll go to the British Museum and see a stuffed Indian. England is the only country in which we can see them. Now, we will all sing 'The Maple Leaf Forever' and then you must run off to bed like good children."